

The Saturday Evening Post

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FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A VISION.

Although 'twas midnight's solemn hour,
When ghosts and fairies have the power
To roam in air, on land, or sea,
And sing and dance in ghastly glee;
I thought I saw a spirit bright,
Her eye beam'd forth a dazzling light,
But in that eye a tear was seen,
And haggard was the spirit's mien:
'Twas like the look which Nature wears
When summer clouds dissolve in tears,
And when those tears in smiling spray,
Commingle with the sun's bright ray,
I grieved to think that sorrow e'er
Should dwell within a soul so fair:
And thought that I with awe drew nigh,
And question'd why she heav'd the sigh,
Why sorrow could disturb a breast,
Which ne'er with woe should be oppress'd.

"Alas!" said she, "my hopes are gone,
And every beam of joy is flown,
My hour is past, my splendour lost,
I am the genius of the Post!
A few short months have pass'd away,
Since sweetest flowers, whose living bloom
Cast round the *Olio* sweet perfume;
But all the flowers which genius braided
And fancy bound, are dim and faded;
'Pasquin,' once bright, has sunk to rhyme:
No more to heaven his verses climb—
'Ariel' is silent, 'D' has fled,
And 'Constance,' lovely maid, is dead;
The bard of sweetest minstrelsy,
Why is he silent, gifted 'D'—
His sorrow snapt his tuneful lyre,
And quench'd his muse's hallow'd fire?
Or why is 'Ariel' hush'd? ah, once
His pen was fear'd by every dame,
His now stupidity may claim
The poet's pure and sacred fame!
'Pasquin'! I thought a southern sun
Would ripen what was left undone,
Would make thy muse to heaven aspire,
And leave behind all grosser fire."

She pass'd—and round did wildly look;
To ease her sorrow thus I spoke—
"Sweet spirit cease to be so sad,
Once more the *Olio* shall be glad;
Thy truant Bards will, like the dove,
Return with olive branch of love,
And in the *Post's* gay column's meet,
And scatter flowers fresh and sweet.
'Raymond's' soft tale once more shall stine,
And 'Laura's' sentimental line;
'D's' martial song and tender lay,
At last, shall make its pages gay;
'Ariel's' pen may not speak in vain,
And 'Pasquin' be himself again!
The Genius, in mild majesty,
But 'neath its fringe her eye on me,
And smiling like that god of love,
Which 'poet's' sing to when they love,"
Said, "Stranger, thanks, no more I'll grieve,
But thy bright prophecies believe."
She vanish'd like the morning mist,
When it the orient beam has kiss'd;
The smile she gave my slumbers broke,
And I once more to life awoke,
And sigh'd to find the scene elysian
Was but the "fabric of a vision."

FRANCIS.

ON THE DEATH OF A SISTER.

And thou gone—forever gone—
To smile on us—to charm no more;
So soon—and pass'd that lonely bourn,
From whence no traveller can return,
And hail'd the vast eternal shore.

Alas—so sudden was the blow,
So hastily thy spirit fled,
I scarcely could believe it so,
Even when I seen them lay thee low,
In the cold grave, amongst the dead.

Although, upon thy lifeless form
I gaz'd, and touch'd thy brow so cold,
And agoniz'd, to think the worm
Would soon thy lov'dness deform,
And the cold grave thy limbs enfold—

But since that withering hour of pain
My soul has deeply learn'd to feel,
In the dread void that does remain,
A loss it ever must sustain,
A wound no time can ever heal.

For there was much—oh, much to bind,
In strongest ties, my soul to thee,
For all the beauties of thy mind
I lov'd—and knew thee good and kind,
From cold and selfish feelings free.

And oh, thy love was so sincere,
So mild thy accents, sweet thy smile;
But ah, 'tis past—and I shall hear
That voice no more—that smile so dear
Will never more my grief beguile.

For here thou canst not be again,
These eyes will ne'er behold thee more;
In the cold grave, that drear domain,
Thy youthful lovely form is laid,
With clouds and darkness cover'd o'er.

But not thy spirit—that has fled
Beyond those scenes of gloom and grief;
And when around thy lowly bed
Our tears of sad regret are shed,
Oh! thus alone can give relief.

That there's a world all bright and fair,
Where blest and happy spirits go,
And we may hope to meet thee there,
Releas'd from pain, and grief and care,
Forever free'd from every woe.

SABBATH MEDITATIONS.

Man enters the world, without any of the
faculties and sciences, which afterwards charac-
terize him, as the noblest work of God. He has
only the faculties of will and understanding,
external forms, into which, however, living prin-
ciples may flow, and as they are received and be-
come confirmed, the mind is formed, of a good or
evil quality, according to the nature of the prin-
ciples which are thus received.
The reason why he is thus destitute of any
knowledge at birth, is, that he may have the op-

portunity of receiving all kinds, and of bringing them
to any state of perfection; for if he were born in the
knowledge of science, he would not be capable
of receiving any other, than those originally im-
planted, and consequently would be as unfit for
improvement in science and wisdom, as the beasts
which surround him. "Man at his birth, may be
compared with ground, in which no seed has been
sown, but still is properly prepared for the recep-
tion of any kind; whereas, beasts are like ground
already sown, and covered with grass, and other
herbs, which receives no other seed than what
has been sown in it already, or if it receives any
other, it chokes it in the birth, and cannot bring
it to maturity." The progress of man is like the
industrious husbandman who is ever seeking
something new to increase the use, beauty and
profit of his farm; whilst that of beasts is like
him who makes no exertion to improve and cul-
tivate the earth but is satisfied with whatever it
spontaneously produces.

As science and affection, therefore, are not in-
nate principles, and as man can derive nothing
from himself, but is altogether dependent upon
others, for every idea necessary to the formation
and improvement of his mental character, the
duties of parents and teachers, become, indeed,
highly responsible, for the feelings which are im-
pressed upon the heart, and the ideas infused in-
to the understandings of children, by their instruc-
tors, form the ground work, of the future man;
indeed, the happiness or misery, of a future state
of existence, may depend, in a great measure, up-
on the instruction which the infantile mind re-
ceives. "Just as the twig is bent the tree's in-
clined."

But the more important period of life, is, when
man arrives at the age of maturity, and begins to
think and act for himself, for in this state, he not
only judges of principles presented to his notice,
but also confirms or rejects those which were re-
ceived during his infancy and childhood, and
thereby forms within himself, that character in
which he will appear in the other life. Man loses
nothing by death, but his corporeal covering of
flesh and bones, and all the affections and principles
of his mind remain entirely the same, as when in
the natural world, and therefore, being judged
according to the deeds done in the body, is happy
or miserable, according to the nature of the affec-
tions or loves, which he has confirmed within him.
All deeds or actions originate in the affections of
the will. Those, therefore, who have been living
in the love and indulgence of evil, through the
whole course of their natural lives, are wholly un-
prepared to enjoy the pleasures which Angels de-
light in: whilst, on the other hand, those who
have delighted to cherish love to the Lord, and
charity and good-will towards men, can be in no
possible danger of associating with the Devil and
his Angels. How very important is the duty,
not only of parents and teachers, towards those
committed to their care, but of each individual to
himself, and particularly those who are just arriv-
ing to maturity age, "Remember now the Creator
in the days of thy youth." AMETHYST.

BROWNLEE'S INQUIRY.

When an author is solicited aid to publish a
new work, it is expected he will satisfy the
laudable enquiry, of where lies the necessity,
what benefit is likely to result, and what motive
has the author in giving to the world the proposed
publication: upon this and this alone, will a
discerning public extend or withhold its patron-
age.

On noticing the proposal of the Reverend
William C. Brownlee, to publish a work entitled,
*A Confession and Free Inquiry into the nature and ten-
dency of the Principles of the religious Society of
Friends*, I cannot but consider him materially de-
ficient in this particular—and his communication
in the National Gazette of the 23d inst. (which it
seems he intended as an apology for the work)
so far from being explanatory of his object, so
far from exhibiting any definiteness of his views,
that it obliges me to adopt the conclusion, that
he is involved in error, and labouring in the dark;
or that for reasons with which few are acquaint-
ed he carefully avoids making public his real mo-
tive.

The striking features of the communication
and its most obvious meaning, induces me to
question the author's seriousness in making the
broad assertion, that the books containing an illus-
tration of their doctrines and principles are lock-
ed up in the libraries of the curious, and that a
vill exists for something on the subject—if how-
ever, such is the fact, he does well in confining
the call to the Theologians and Professors, and
I much fear, as the Dr. states, they have refused
to hear Barclay, Penn, Fox, Savell, they will not
believe even when the learned author calls from
Scottish Stairs, all the materials of which his
mighty structure is to be composed.

I was not brought up a member of the Society
of Friends; the means I have had of becoming ac-
quainted with the nature and tendency of their
principles, have not been more ample than is
generally enjoyed, yet a perusal of some of the
many Books written by themselves and others
within one hundred and sixty years, has fully
explained and demonstrated the nature of their
doctrines. As to their tendency, the uniform
practice of the society, in relation to its conformity
to the precepts of the Gospel of Jesus Christ,
and the examples of its divine author, is a com-
mentary of the most satisfactory kind. The So-
ciety originated upwards of 150 years ago—the
first fifty years its members were almost contin-
ually engaged in religious controversy; many
books were written respecting the nature and
tendency of their principles, nearly all of which
are extant, and can be procured with facility.
Its members have rapidly increased to this time;
as their numerous meeting houses prove, in nearly
all of which their ministers are weekly ex-
pounding their doctrines, and several recent
works are in almost every book store, exclusively
relating to the subject. Yet in the face of all
this the Doctor wishes us to believe that their
religious opinions are altogether unknown; that
the books they have written explanatory of their
doctrines are not to be procured; and that he and
alone, is in possession of materials from which
the society and its true doctrines are to be ex-
hibited.

Thus after a lapse of nearly two hundred years,
during which time men of profound learning and
acknowledged piety have exerted their talents
and worth, relative to the doctrines of the society,
it remains to be the happy lot of a reverend
Theologian of the present day, to discover to
the Christian world, what it has so long sought
in vain—Gratias agamus tibi, Multa agens nil agens.
The author's salutes, however he wishes to
imitate the beauties he thinks he sees in his pre-
decessor the Scottish Laird, are not only ill-
timed, but injurious to himself; and his extreme
readiness to break the spear with any antagonist,
is demonstrated by his long communication al-
luded to—by which he has evinced a disposition,
and motive, not very amiable or entitled to much
respect; for instead of that plain, honest, serious
and dignified course which every thing relating
to God, and the salvation of man, demands, and

which especially belongs to a Gospel minister,
we are presented with a communication fraught
with weakness of language, destitute of solid
sense, and betraying a levity of heart and an in-
vidious design, which will recoil on his own head;
a degree of credit is however due for his having
rejected the kind offices of Dr. Ely, in recom-
mending the work in the manner attempted.

As an illustration of the whole, take the follow-
ing extract from the recommendation:
"While I think that many individuals, called
Quakers, are under the gracious influences of the
Holy Spirit operating within them, are pardoned
for Christ's sake, and so are members of the in-
visible, spiritual kingdom of Christ, yet I am fully
persuaded, that the doctrinal system of their Society,
so far as their approved writers and preachers
have expressed it, is a compound of Platonic
theory, mysticism, false philosophy, and infidelity.
I wish them as a denomination, saving illumi-
nation from the Spirit of God, to understand the
Holy Bible, the only infallible rule of faith
and practice; and an introduction, through sen-
sible ordinances of Christ's appointment, to the
visible church in the world; but we cannot ex-
pect them to be convinced of their errors until
they will read some refutation of their scheme,
and some other authors than their Quaker apos-
tles."

I will not permit myself to doubt, but that Mr.
Ely can view with profound complacency this
emanation from his holy zeal, for the good of the
Quakers; that it has served him for a dish of *son-
net* of which he has plentifully partook, I will
not deny; and his ingenuity is admirable in the
peculiarity of the reasoning, for I can freely
venture the assertion that it will disgust every
person, possessing the least delicacy of taste,
sensibility of mind, purity of sentiment, and re-
spect for a highly respectable religious society;
so that he will remain in the free enjoyment of
his luscious morsel alone. It must be a source of
sincere regret on the part of the sensible and
well informed portion of the community, that a
man professing to be a minister of the Gospel,
should so far lose sight of the respect due to him-
self as such, the dignity and honour of his calling,
and the importance of the subject upon which he
writes, as to indulge in language so repugnant
to the finer feelings of the mind, and exhibiting
an intolerance of disposition, which is altogether
opposed to the mild and forbearing spirit of the
Gospel, which will always appear conspicuous
in the conduct and characters of those who feel
its influence.—Is the Doctor serious in saying he
believes many of them under the gracious in-
fluence of the Holy Spirit, and are members of
the spiritual kingdom of Christ? and yet per-
suaded that their religious system is made up of
Platonic theory, mysticism, false philosophy, and
infidelity? If so, why manifest so much anxiety
to have them convinced of the errors of (to bor-
row an invidious phrase) their scheme; at once
accusing them of evil design, and of wilfully and
knowingly remaining in error. Upon the whole
he will not succeed this time; it requires no un-
common share of penetration, to discover through
the veil, that it is not for the good of the souls
of the Quakers or the advancement of Christianity,
that the Doctor is showing such zeal for the pro-
mulgation of his own opinions as the standard of
orthodoxy. I advert, with feelings of respect
and deference, to the recommendation of the
Rev. Samuel Miller, excited by the liberality,
good judgment, and dignified manner of that
good man; his recommendation does honor to
him as a man and a Christian: with proper cau-
tion he has only adverted to the style and manner
of the author, the talent and learning elicited in
the work—He says his pressing avocations and
the weak state of his eyes prevented him from
examining it in any other than a cursory manner:
if such had not been the case and he had seen
the recommendation of Mr. Ely, I cannot think
he would have permitted his name to appear, as
sanctioning Mr. Brownlee's work.

CLARKSON.

THE BACHMOR'S ELYSIUM.

We are informed that there is in the other world,
a place prepared for maids and bachelors, called
FIDELITY'S GREEN, where they are condemned to
the lack of good fellowship in this world, to dance
together to all eternity. One of a party who had
been conversing on this subject, after retiring
home, had his brain so occupied with it, that in
his dream he imagined himself dead, and translat-
ed to this scene of incessant fiddling and dancing.

After describing his journey to these merry
abodes of hopping shades, he says that on passing
the confines, he perceived a "female figure ad-
vancing with a rambling, rapid motion, resem-
bling a hop, skip and jump." He now cast "a
glance over his own person, as a genteel spirit
would naturally do at the approach of a female,
and discovered for the first time, that although
he had left his substance in the other world, he
was possessed of an airy form precisely similar
to the one he had left behind him, and was clad
in the ghost of a suit of clothes, made after the
newest fashion, which he had purchased a few
days before his death." As the figure came near,
he slackened his pace, and struck into a grace-
ful chaunce forward, at the same time motioning
to cross a rivulet, which he no sooner did, than
he fell a dancing with incredible agility."

He is then conducted, or rather whirled away
in a waltz by his fair companion, to the manager
of the Green, where he has an opportunity of be-
holding the congregated celibacy of the place.
The grotesque appearance of the various groups
particularly amused him. "The Grecian robe
and the Roman toga, the Monkish cowl, the Mo-
nastic veil, and the blanket and feathers of the
Indian, were mingled in ludicrous contrast."

The allotment of partners was equally diverting.
"A gentleman in an embroidered suit led off a
beggar girl, while a broad shouldered Myneer
flaunted with an Italian countess."—"Queen Eli-
zabeth was dancing a jig with a jolly collier, a
person of great bonhomie, but who failed not to
apply the strap when his stately partner moved
with less agility than comported with his notions."

This attention was then arrested by the appearance
of a spare looking gentleman, advancing to the
Genius of the place in high glee. Poor man! he
had no sooner came up to a group of ladies, than
a tall, swarthy, lustern jawed, antiquated virgin,
raised her foot as a challenge for him to dance,
whereupon they both fell to, and had danced six
months when he left them, without any prospect
of cessation.

TAMERLAINE.—When Bajazet, after his defeat,
was carried into the presence of Timur Lench,
that is, Timur the Lame, vulgarly Timurlane, on
perceiving that Bajazet had but one eye, Timur
burst into a loud laughter. The Turk, who could
ill brook any inequality, said fiercely, "You may
deride my misfortune, Timur, but remember they
might have happened to yourself. The disposal
of kingdoms is in the hands of God, and their
states depend on his will." Timur replied with
equal haughtiness, "I agree with your observa-
tion—I did not laugh at your misfortune, but at
a reflection that just occurred to my mind; how
little value thrones and sceptres possess in the
judgment of God; who has taken a kingdom from
a man with one eye, to give it to another with
two."

—The little but thick shaded wood and then
the adjacent mill-dam, where many a time we
could our fervid limbs by bathing in the limpid
flood or drew from its broad bosom the fenny ten-
ants that swam beneath—not far distant from
these more domestic scenes, we extend our walks
to where stands the "noisy mansion" in which
"The village master taught his little school."

Here busy memory faithful to her trust, musters
up a host of little incidents to remind us of joys
departed, alas! to return no more—
—Here as with pensive steps and slow I range
Trace every scene and wonder at the change,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast and turns the past to pain."

Adjoining this spot hard by stands the venerable

and spacious building dedicated to the worship of
God supreme. Its solemn and Gothic aspect ad-
dome fails to fill the contemplative observer with
awe and reverence. The grave yard too, that
reservoir of the exuviae of the dead, where sleep
the mouldering relics of our forefathers, what a
deep moral lesson may be learnt by stopping
here, and lingering a moment to converse with
Death and dissolution—in wander over the sacred
ground "where heaves the turf in many a mould-
ering heap," and where oblivion dwells amid un-
labelled graves, and the grass waves in rich luxu-
riance as if to hide the triumphs and the trophies
of Death.—Oh! have I regretted that here
no love, nor respect, nor friendship is permitted
to carve a tablet to mark the spot of the slumber-
er beneath!"—"Their name, their years spent by
the unletter'd muse," would serve to awaken
"dumb forgetfulness" in many a cursory observer,
and inculcate a deep lesson of morality, from
which the proud might learn humility—the frivolous
learn seriousness, and the bigot charity and
philanthropy. Here greatness and pre-eminence
mingle with the low and the humble, for all must
lie down upon the same common, mournful, silent
schemed level of the grave.—Here all the illusive
schemes and projects of life terminate—gain and
grandeur are useless treasures.—The hurry and
bustle of trade here ceases—in this silent and so-
litary recess, as in the building of Jerusalem's a-
cired temple is heard no sound of the axe and the
hammer. All earthly and human devices are here
terminated in one common fearful issue.—Here as
we wander o'er the prostrate dead, hold communion
with Death and ourselves, and take a view as
it were of the vast landscape of immortality, how
despicable, how abject appear the things belong-
ing to time and sense.—Hambling through rows
of kindred and acquaintance, it affords a soothing
melancholy satisfaction to linger a moment over
the graves of those with whom love or sympathy
hath bound us in ties too strong for Death to rend
asunder—yon gently rising hillock marks the
spot where sleeps in peace the mouldering re-
lics of Eliza, and by her side repose the ashes of her
cousin Mary, both blooming plants brush'd away
by the rude hand of the relentless spoiler, in the
morn of life's short day. May the dews of Heaven
weep tenderly over them—may they decorate this
turf with their brightest pearls, and may the gen-
tle zephyrs breathe softly upon them, sighing out
their sorrows for their untimely fall—

"From the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Even in their ashes live their wonted fires."

And even now, methinks, I hear their little sainted
spirits, breathe a strain divine that hath power to
charm, bidding us be chaste and innocent like
them, in duties sphere faithfully move, and telling
us that though

"— 'Tis an awful thing to die,
Yet the dread path once trod,
Heaven lifts its portals high
And bids the pure in heart behold their God."

MONITEUR.

* The religious principles of the Society of
Friends lead them to prohibit the erection of
tombstones and monumental inscriptions in their
grave yards.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Summer is the season when the country pre-
sents us with its most exuberant and delightful
charms, and invites the pale visaged inhabitants
of the city to seek a shelter within its shades from
the sickly fervour of a summer's solstitial sun,
where they may breathe the pure air of the groves
and snuff the breeze scented from the fields more
fragrant than Arabian Spices. How invigorating
and healthful to emerge from the dust and smoke
of the town, to unshackle the mind from the bur-
den and cares of business, and to enjoy for a
short time the refreshing influence of rural re-
tirement; how tranquilizing to view the works of
nature, the wilderness that blossoms as a rose,
and the laughing fields that yield their tributary
fruit to reward the patient toil of the husband-
man.

Perchance to visit the spot of one's nativity, the
scenes of our youthful days: that halcyon era
to which memory ever delights to recur, when
the heart was softened by the glow of generous
warmth, and the ardour of sensibility was not
damped by a commerce with a contaminating
world. How many objects here present to awak-
en the remembrance of infantile and youthful joys
long departed, and how the revived recollection
soothes the mind with melancholy tenderness, and
we listen with rapture to the strains which de-
lighted the infant ear, which transported us then
with their sprightliness, or soothed us with their
sadness. The spreading tree beneath which we
were wont to stretch our youthful but listless
limbs; the limped stream meandering through the
mead, to whose murmurs we used to listen and
along whose banks our earliest rambles we direct-
ed,

"Ere yet wasting pains and manhood, brooding
care
Had broke the slumbers of our gay repose."

—The little but thick shaded wood and then
the adjacent mill-dam, where many a time we
could our fervid limbs by bathing in the limpid
flood or drew from its broad bosom the fenny ten-
ants that swam beneath—not far distant from
these more domestic scenes, we extend our walks
to where stands the "noisy mansion" in which
"The village master taught his little school."

Here busy memory faithful to her trust, musters
up a host of little incidents to remind us of joys
departed, alas! to return no more—
—Here as with pensive steps and slow I range
Trace every scene and wonder at the change,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast and turns the past to pain."

Adjoining this spot hard by stands the venerable

ADVENTURES OF AN EVENING.

Having often had occasion to be pleased with
the singularity and variety of incidents which some-
times occur in the space of a few hours, and
having those pleasant recollections particularly re-
newed by the incidents of this evening, I set down
with the intention of placing them on paper; not
expecting, however, they will afford the same
gratification to the reader, which they have given
the writer; although they may impart, perhaps,
some little interest from their singular circumstances
in so short a period of time.

The first part of this evening was spent in paying
a visit to a friend, where the moments were pass-
ed away in that calm interchange of thought and
congenial feeling, which add to the light that mo-
ments like these are ever silently gathering, to cast
in after times a reflection of pure and radiantly
thought, through the long vista of oblivion which
shrouds in forgetfulness the minor scenes and cir-
cumstances of life. Such feelings as are cherished
and held in most dear recollection by friendship,
and choicely transferred to the hallowed volume of
memory, upon whose oft turned pages, they glow
like beams of peace amid the shadows of grief,
brightening the tears that are wept, but in vain,
for departed joys. From this abode of kindness
and virtue—would I might add, happiness; but
alas! the pale hand of care and sickness hath
scattered its painful shadows here—yet, though
earthly pleasures may be absent, there are others
which make it wrong in me to say that happiness
is not here; for there is a beam of mild tranquillity
and pious resignation stealing among, and bright-
ening those shades with that influence of holy
peace and quietness, "which the world cannot
give nor take away."—I was about to say, that
from this abode my steps were directed to the ha-
bitation of an old acquaintance, the incidents of
whose life are to me, at least, most affecting. She
now dwells amid poverty and hard continued la-
bour, and yet has been as happy, perhaps, as heart
could wish, and lived in comfort and ease. Some
years since, she had a sister who was the com-
panion of all her hours, of whom it may be said,
"They still have slept together."

Here at an instant, leav'd, play'd, sat together;
And whereso'er they went, like Juno's swans,
Still they went coupled and inseparable."
Their affections seemed too firmly united to be
broken on this side the grave. "Twas an affection,
she at least, perhaps both, then believed, would
have lasted with their lives."

Believed!—Oh! could she bear to think
That ought might break that golden link,
Which bound their loves in bliss so strong,
That thought but death might do it wrong.
Oh! no, she ill could bear such pain,
But thought that all would thus remain,
And that she still might have that clasp,
And all a sister's fondness share."

But yet she hath lived to behold that sister as an
alien and a stranger: the wife of one of the first
merchants in this city, enjoying the comforts and
elegancies of life, and forgetting, or rather neglect-
ing (for forget she cannot,) the partner of her
youthful pleasures, the sharer of her childhood
sports, when they "knew not the doctrine of ill
doing, nor our deem'd that any did," neglecting
that form that once yielded to her kind and sisterly
embraces, and which is now wasted and emaciated
by toil and suffering—well may she exclaim—
"Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
The sister's vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty footed time
For parting us—Oh! and is all forgotten?"

There is still a remaining softness in her pensive
blue eyes, but all their life and vivacity have gone;
and their languid, abstracted, and lost appear-
ance, speak strongly the bitterness that is feed-
ing and wasting within, and seem to say, "what sick-
ness of heart is it which ariseth from hope de-
ferred." I often look at her with a heavy heart,
and grieve when she has told me, as she some-
times, but not often hath done, how different her
situation in life had been; and she once said,
but in a mild forgiving tone of voice, that her sis-
ter was very different now from what she was
when they were both young together. She little
thought, she said, they should ever meet but in
this manner; but, she added, it is long since we have
spoken to each other. And when I meet
her, as I sometimes have, in the street rolling
along in her carriage, I am fain to hide myself like
a beggar, and turn out of the way to shun those
looks that were once so dear to me.

This is not fiction. I can take you now to her
wretched dwelling, and show you amid the ha-
bitations of penury and grief, the poor remains
of former beauty and happiness. But I have not
told you, as I ought, the original and perhaps
main cause of this alteration: would you believe
it is owing to her husband? but alas, he deserves
not the endearing appellation. Yet he was once
a respectable citizen, and a good and affectionate
husband, till intemperance, a poisonous fiend,
stole in upon him like a loathsome pestilence and
corrupted his soul. Yes, the fell destroyer came,
and their sun of mutual gladness was utterly ex-
tinguished in darkness and woe.

The husband is clung to the rot, the man to
a brute; for liquor, like a foul disease, hath so
wrought upon him, that the mental faculties, and
all sense of reflection and feeling seem lost.
It is almost enough to make one "blush and hang
his head to think himself a man," to behold this
impotent, bloated remnant of a man, hanging
around and drinking up her hard-earned pittance,
without contributing aught toward the support
of her or her half-clothed children. The mere
idea or supposition that liquor may have such an
effect, and be productive of such consequences,
ought of itself to be sufficient to place an eternal
prohibition upon its use or existence. Yet this
woman with a constancy surprising under such
circumstances, continues to retain a degree of
regard, nay affection, toward the being to whom
in better days she had pledged her vows, whose
misconduct hath alienated from her the friends of
her youth, and been in truth the destroyer of her
peace upon earth.

On leaving this unhappy scene, I turned with
some relief to the bright full-orbed moon which
was just arising in the blue, wide expanse of
Heaven; illuminating in her course the deep
profound with glowing radiance as she sailed
gently upward among the white fleecy clouds
that were thinly and lightly floating along her
path.

What consolation—balm is there in
The blessed thought, that when this laid,
This mortal covering of pain and sin
Is dropp'd—the soul flies her abode,
Her weary tenement of earthly clay,
Bids sorrow, grief, and sin, and tears farewell,
Soaring to regions of immortal day,
Mid realms of bliss for ever more to dwell.

What holy rapture then must fill the breast,
What transport rush them! every youthful vein,
When care, affliction, all shall sink in past
And weeping virtue never weep again.
Then to look back on all life's fleeting scenes,
The little ills that vex us to the last,
And smile at passion's wild, delusive dreams,
And wonder at the strange, deceitful past.

Indeed if any thing can soften our existence here
and reconcile us to this temporary abode,

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Indeed if any thing can soften our existence here
and reconcile us to this temporary abode,

What consolation—balm is there in
The blessed thought, that when this laid,

the banquet of the French off golden plates.

Mr. English, of Boston, who was formerly in the service of the Pacha of Egypt, arrived at Baltimore on the 8th July, in the ship Union from New-York.

Forty-two deaths occurred at New Orleans from the 29th of July to the 31st of August. Among the deceased, were Peter Sutton of Philadelphia, James Acker of Pennsylvania, and John Hughes of New Jersey.

Last week, a man in Providence, R. I. was fined one dollar and costs, for cruelly overloading his horse.

Ella McDowell, an unfortunate girl, about 18 years of age, put a period to her existence in the jail of Baltimore county by hanging herself, on Tuesday evening last.

A complete cessate of a horse, in a standing position, was lately found, in England, in Eaglesfield, where it must have been for some centuries. The animal was unshod, and by the teeth about four years old.

Leghorn Lute.—It appears by a return made to Parliament, that in the year ending 5th April, 1825, there were 126,043 straw hats or bonnets, imported into Great Britain, and 3,512 rounds of straw plating. The municipal Board of Charleston, has resolved on forming a guard for the protection of the city, the expense of maintaining which is estimated at 28,520 dollars annually.

The President of the United States is at present upon his farm in Loudoun county. The brig Mary, capt. Campbell, of this port, was lost on the north side of Bermuda, on the night of the 15th ult. Crew and most of the cargo saved: the latter considerably damaged.

There are in the state of New York, 206 incorporated Manufacturing Companies, the aggregate of whose capital is 20,330,500. Of these 62 are for manufacturing cotton and woolen goods, 56 for cotton goods, sixteen for woolen goods, twelve for cotton, woolen and linen cloths, and ten for glass.

It was stated some time since in the papers, that a son of Gen. Hamilton and Col. Burr, lived together in Missouri, and wrote in the same offices in strict personal friendship. The report is now said to be unfounded, as Colonel Burr never had any male issue. Col. Burr had, we believe, but one child, a daughter who was married to Gov. Alston. In returning from Charleston, the vessel was lost, and every soul on board perished. Whether the vessel was foundered at sea or captured by pirates, has never yet been ascertained.

Burnings, Penn. Aug. 30.—It is painful to learn, that the dysentery is making dreadful havoc in our neighboring counties. In Cumberland, along the borders of the Yellow Breeches and Conowingine streams, many whole families are said to be down with this distressing disease. Some few cases, we learn, are existing in our borough.

Charleston, S. C. Aug. 26.—The blessing of Health, was never more generally experienced in our city, than at the present moment. By a reference to the Report of Intermittents during the week ending on the 24th instant, published by the Board of Health, it will be seen that the total number is but eleven, and that of these, there were but three white persons; a circumstance unprecedented in Charleston at this season of the year, and highly creditable to the health of the city, when compared with the extent of its population.

An Irishman named Michael Taylor, was yesterday examined before the Police Court, and committed for trial on a charge of murdering his wife. He was taken up by the watch on Saturday night for making a great riot and noise, being in a state of intoxication, and after being detained for some time was set at liberty. In the course of the evening he again became intoxicated, and on Sunday the 1st, he was again taken up by the watch, and committed to jail, and yesterday he was examined before Justice Walcott.

At St. Augustine, it was mentioned, from the Key West, that there is considerable intercourse between the Havana and that place, but that there are no government officers on the Island; the collector having gone off immediately after the appointment of a deputy, and he having since died. Perhaps there is no part of the American coast where cutters are so necessary, as on the Florida shore. The Keys are so extensive as to require the utmost vigilance on the part of the revenue officers.

Dr. James Hamilton, alias Bedford, &c. whose villainy has been repeated in all at every newspaper in the state, was, as we informed our readers, detected in Reading, Pa. last week. Information was sent to Belleville, N. J. where resides Mr. Tompkins, the father of the young lady whose happiness fell a sacrifice to the arts of the deceiver. He immediately set off with an executive requisition for the removal of the offender, which has been acquiesced in, and he will shortly receive his trial by the laws of New Jersey, for forgery.

The War.—The Baltimore Chronicle says—A friend of ours, who has just returned from London, states, that a few days before he left, he had an interview with the American Minister, who gave it as his decided opinion, that notwithstanding the defection of some of the Constitutional Generals, the cause of liberty and the rights of mankind would eventually triumph in Spain.

ALEPPO.
A letter from the British Consul, dated Aleppo, Aug. 9, states that the Ophtalmia became so general after the earthquake of last year, that not more than ten persons in ten escaped the infection through the district visited by the earthquake. The Consul says:—
Of some persons who composed my family, five have suffered from that cruel disorder. Of the survivors of the Jews at Aleppo (not more than 3000) 74 lost their sight! And although the cause of the Ophtalmia cannot be exactly ascertained, it can safely be said to be more than 15000 persons who have lost their sight since the earthquake of last year, that six weeks have now elapsed since any earthquake strong enough to be generally felt.

(By the way, the Turkish Consul, who was lately in England, is mentioned under the Turkish head of the 1st May. It is the daughter of Eugene, that has been recently espoused by the Crown Prince of Sweden, son of Bernadotte.

FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN.
By an arrival at Baltimore from Smyrna, it is stated that a vessel immediately from Negropont, had brought intelligence to Smyrna, that on or about the 1st of June, the Turks had landed an army of 5000 men at Esparmatore, (Negropont) the whole of whom had been cut to pieces or taken prisoners by the Greeks.

The Algerine, Tunisian, Egyptian and Turkish fleet consist of about a hundred and fifty to a hundred and sixty sail of vessels. The Turks have no ships of the line in their fleet this summer, they being fearful of the Greek fire-ships, of which the Greeks have about 15. On the 17th June captain Dickinson saw the Greek fleet of 135 sail, between the Islands of Mitilene and Ipsara, steering for the Gulf of Smyrna. There was not one ship among them—about 40 or 50 sail of brigs and schooners, and the rest smaller. At Milo, captain D. was informed that the Turkish fleet had been seen off the Island about the 8th of June, standing towards Candia. It was said the instructions of the Captain Pacha embraced the power of exterminating the Greeks if possible, or of making peace with them. It was also reported that if something decisive was not effected this summer, he would not return to Constantinople, but would make his winter quarters at Smyrna.

PEOPLE OF COLOUR.
GOOD NEWS FROM MESSURADO.

Baltimore, September 2.—We are happy to have in our power to convince our Boston friends, that the Munchausen story of the sickness and mortality at Messurado, and the death of all the colonists who went over in the last packet, to settle in that country, and of the destruction of the fort by an African Tornado, are nothing more than poetic dreams, formed to embellish some tale of African romance. We have just conversed with Captain George C. Thompson, of the fast sailing Liberia Packet the Fidelity, who left Cape Messurado on the 23d of July, a month later than the Owego at Boston. His report is, "That the Colonists are all well, abundantly supplied with provisions, contented, comfortable and happy. Two only of those who arrived in the last packet had died, and those more by their own imprudence, than from the inveteracy of the disease. The fort said to have been destroyed by a tornado, was still left standing, and Captain Thompson walked upon its platform. Lots were to be laid out for the settlers, which they were to cultivate, awaiting only the subsidence of the rains. This arrival brings the intelligence down to forty days.

This packet might with propriety be called the *Messurado Flying Fish*, for Captain Thompson arrived at that place from this port, in a passage of thirty-one days, and returned, via Turks Island, in thirty-eight.

Captain F. states that Dr. Ayres enjoyed good health, and Mr. Ashmun had nearly recovered. Letters have been received from these gentlemen.—*Morn. Chron.*

MORTALITY AT SIERRA LEONE.

Extract of a letter, dated Sierra Leone, May 31.
"That dreadful scourge the yellow fever has been brought into this colony by the ship *Caroline*, from the Mediterranean, and out of a population of about 110 Europeans, nearly eighty have fallen victims to this dreadful disease: upwards of 230 blacks have also died of it. Our streets are literally deserted."

Bank Note Exchange.

CORRECTED BY P. I. DECKER.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 6, 1823.

Per. Ct. Dis.	Per. Ct. Dis.
U. S. Br. Banks.....	Montgomery Co. W. C.0
N. Hampshire Banks.....	Delaware Co. W. C.0
Vermont.....	Delaware Co. Ches.0
MASSACHUSETTS.	Lancaster Bank.....0
Boston Banks.....	Farmers' Bk. B. Co.1
Worcester Banks.....	Carlebank Bank.....1
Springfield Banks.....	York Bank.....1
Hampshire Banks.....	Chambersburg Bank.....1
Phenicia, or Nantucket.....	Gettysburg Bank.....2
Salem Banks.....	Pittsburg Bank.....2
Other Mass. Notes.....	Northumberland.....
NEW-YORK.	Union, and Col.15
Albany Banks.....	Bank, Milton.....
Brooklyn Banks.....	Centre Bank.....12
Freeman's Bank.....	Greensburg Bank.....1
Franklin Bank.....	Brownsville.....12
Washington.....	DELAWARE.
Other R. I. Notes.....	Bank of Delaware.....0
CONNECTICUT.	Wilmington & Bran.1
Hartford Bank.....	Farmers' Bk. & Br.1
Phenicia, at Hartford.....	Commercial Bank.....0
Eagle Bank, N. H.	Branch at Milford.....0
New-Haven Bank.....	Laurel Bank.....30
Middletown Bank.....	MARYLAND.
Bridgeport Bank.....	Baltimore Banks.....
Dorcy Bank.....	City Bank of Balt.
Norwich Bank.....	Annapolis.....
New-London Bank.....	Havre de Grace.....
NEW-YORK.	Bk. of Westminster.....
City Banks of N. Y.	Elkton Bank.....
Jacob Barker's Bk.	Hagerstown Bank.....
Wash'n. & Warren.....	Fredericktown Bank.....
Albany Banks.....	Branch at Easton.....
Troy Bank.....	Bank of Caroline.....
Mohawk Bank.....	VIRGINIA.
Lansburg Bank.....	Richmond and Br.
Newburg.....	Bank of the Valley.....
Do. Br. at Ithaca.....	Branch at Romney.....
Catskill Bank.....	Do. at Leesburg.....
Middle Dist. Bank.....	Do. at Charlottesville.....
Anbun Bank.....	N. W. Bk. of Va.
Utica Bank.....	Wheeling.....
Geneva Bank.....	DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.
Bk. of Col. Hudson.....	Bks. at Washington.....
Orange Co. Bank.....	Franklin Bank of no0
Ont. Bk. at Utica.....	Alexandria. } sale.
Plattsburg.....	NORTH CAROLINA.
Canada Bank.....	St. Bk. at Raleigh.....
Bank of Montreal.....	and branches.....
NEW-JERSEY.	Cape Fear.....
R. of N. Brunswick.....	Newbern.....
State Bank at N. B.	SOUTH CAROLINA.
Trenton Bank.....	State Banks.....
Jersey Bank.....	GEORGIA.
Cumberland Bank.....	State Banks.....
Farmers' Bk. M. H.	KENTUCKY.
State Bank, Camden.....	and no sale.
Do. Elizabethtown.....	TENNESSEE.
Do. Morristown.....	CHILLICOTHE.....
Do. Patterson.....	Marietta.....
PENNSYLVANIA.	Stuebenville.....
Philadelphia Banks.....	Most others..... no sale.
Harrisburg.....	NEW-ORLEANS.
Reading.....	City Bank Notes.....
Fremont Bk. Lan.	Spanish Dollars.....
Norhampton Bk.	Doubleloons.....
Easton Bank.....	American \$15.30
Germanstown Bk.	Gold 1 p. et. pm.

Evening Post.

PHILADELPHIA.

Saturday, September 6, 1823.

Since our last, we believe no material change has taken place in the health of our suburbs. Within the immediate bounds of the city, it continues to remain as healthy as usual at this time of the year; but some idea may be formed of the extreme distress existing in our vicinity from the simple statement, that a respectable physician lately visited a dwelling in Penn Township, where, says a correspondent of the National Gazette, "the father lay dead up stairs, while the mother and four children were below, so reduced by disease, that neither had strength to hand a cup of water to the other, and no living being in the house to lend them assistance"—and other instances are known where whole families are placed in the same deplorable condition.

These cases occur mostly among those who are dependent on their daily labour for support, and who must consequently be, in a great measure, without the necessities of life.

We understand measures have been taken for their relief, and we know this appeal to the well known benevolence and liberality of Philadelphians will not be made in vain.

We have been much pleased with reading the lively and interesting sketch which our friend Mvra has given us in his last paper, of the flourishing prospects of the happy little village of Westwater. We have ourselves lately visited this place, and can attest to the fidelity and correctness of the picture: that is as far as it goes—and cheerfully supply the deficiency which the modesty of our friend has left unfinished—in bearing testimony to the polite and hospitable disposition of its respectable inhabitants. "Situate in the heart of one of the richest, most populous, and highly cultivated counties in the state, within 22½ miles of Philadelphia, and 16 of Wilmington," with all the natural advantages of pure water and a salubrious air, and the many acquired, which an industrious and enterprising population have given it, we certainly know of no cause why Westwater should not, but, on the contrary, every cause why it should, continue to grow, until it had doubled, trebled, or increased to even four times its present numbers. And among the good things that are calculated to enliven the interest which is attached to this agreeable country town, the good sense, humour and sterling talent displayed in the columns of the *Village Record*, are certainly, in our estimation, not the least.

It is stated that Doctor P., of the village of Frankford, a few days since, by virtue of the Fever and Ague Powder, brought a child to life which had to all appearance been dead three hours.

We understand, by the late arrivals, that *Swain's Panacea* is performing surprising cures in England, and that it has superseded the use of the *Genuine French Rob of Lafuette*, in many instances, in diseases for which that remedy is intended. Thus we see that this new American Medicine is highly approved of in England, notwithstanding the envious prejudices of some of the Faculty.

His Excellency, F. Greuhm, Minister resident from Prussia, and family, arrived in this city, on Sunday last, in the brig *Hibernia*, from Hamburg.

Mr. Hines, one of the high constables of this city, on Monday last at New-York, apprehended Caharine McGuire, who was connected with the noted Mrs. Carson, in passing counterfeit money. Mr. H. conveyed her to the police office, where she was examined by the magistrates, and committed to Bridewell.

On Saturday afternoon, a small boy, who was playing on Willing's wharf, was thrown into the river, and whilst in the most imminent danger of drowning, was rescued by Capt. Joseph Kay, who plunged into the water, and brought him safe to land.

The Rev. J. P. Peckworth, of Philadelphia, preaches at the Old Baptist meeting house, Old Town, Baltimore, to-morrow, of which church he has undertaken the pastoral charge.

The Rev. Dr. Staughton has resigned his situation as Pastor of the Baptist Church in Sanson Street, having accepted the unanimous invitation of the Trustees of the Columbia College in Washington (D. C.) to take upon him the duties of the Presidency of that Institution. He will leave this city on Monday next. The piety, talents and learning of Dr. Staughton, cannot fail of contributing largely to the prosperity of this infant Institution.

A most daring robbery was perpetrated on the 29th ult. on the Matietta and Susquehanna Trading Company, by three villains, who seized the Cashier on the back porch of the Banking House, and presenting three pistols to his breast to enforce silence, dragged him to the Bank and compelled him to unlock the vault, from which they took out and carried away all the books and promissory notes and other valuable papers belonging to the Bank, and a large quantity of Bank Paper; one of the villains held the Cashier with a pistol to his breast, until his two comrades had sufficient time to escape with their plunder, and then made his escape. The villains were well disguised and masked, and spoke only in the German language.

The Trustees of the Institution, offer the reward of 1000 dollars for the apprehension and conviction of the villains and the restoration of the books and papers carried off by them, or 500 dollars for the restoration of the books and papers aforesaid.

An obituary notice of the decease of CALED CRIDLAND, was, a few weeks since, handed for publication. It appears that it was a brief notice, which we are authorized to contradict.

We understand, says the Boston Palladium, that the French Government has decided according to the request of Bishop Cheverus, to be excused from accepting the appointment to a Bishopric in France—and has directed a French frigate to call at this port to afford him a passage to his native country.

A Large Apple.—Our friend, Abraham Eves, of this county, (says the Delaware Gazette,) has presented us with a pippin apple which weighs twenty-two ounces, and measures fifteen and a half inches in circumference!

COMMUNICATION.
In consequence of a communication which appeared in the Democratic Press, the Congregation of St. Mary's Church are hereby duly notified, that the Rev. Mr. Hogan continues as sole Pastor of said Church. The correspondence upon the subject of a conditional resignation tendered by the Rev. Mr. Hogan, will be laid before the public in a few days. By order of the board of Trustees.
Signed, ARCHIBALD RANDALL, Sec.

PRICE CURRENT.

WHEAT FLOUR, - - - - -	\$6.50
RYE DO. - - - - -	3
CORN MEAL, - - - - -	2.62½
WHEAT IN SHELL, - - - - -	1.22 a 1.25
RYE DO. - - - - -	55 a 60
CORN DO. - - - - -	50 a 58
BARLEY - - - - -	55 a 60
JERSEY PORK, - - - - -	14.50 a \$15
Prime - - - - -	12.50 a 13
Cargo - - - - -	11
WESTERN DO. - - - - -	12.50 a 13.00
BEER, (Philad.) - - - - -	Meas \$9.50 a 10
HAMS, - - - - -	9 a 12½ cts.
LARD, Jersey, - - - - -	10 a 11 cts.
Do. Pennsylvania, - - - - -	7 a 8
Tobacco, Virginia - - - - -	cwt. \$4 a 10
Do. Kentucky - - - - -	5 a 6.50

A Guide to the Game of Draughts.

GAME No. 24.—Whites move first.									
23	to 18	4	to 8	16	to 7	12	to 19		
10	14	29	2	3	10	11	10		
24	19	11	16	22	17	9	18		
11	16	19	15	9	13	24	15		
27	24	16	19	17	14	2	6		
16	20	23	16	10	17	10	7		
31	27	14	23	21	14				
8	11	26	19	6	9	Whites			
25	22	7	11	17	16	win.			

MARRIED.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Janeway, Mr. WILLIAM J. MONTGOMERY, of Augusta, Geo. to Miss SARAH MANDERSON, daughter of Mr. Andrew Manderon, Merchant, of this city.

On Sunday evening, the 24th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Helffstone, Mr. ADAM HAMRICK, to Miss AMY ANN ALLEN, all of the Northern Liberties.

On Monday, the 1st inst. by the Rev. Dr. Holcombe, Mr. SAMUEL O. NOURSE, to Miss CLARISA BUTLER, daughter of John Davis, Esq. all of this city.

On the 19th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Holcombe, Mr. HENRY SCHELL, jun. of this city, to Miss ELIZABETH DOLEY, of the N. Liberties.

On the evening of the 4th inst. by Samuel Badger, Esq. EDMUND MAXWELL, 2d son of Peter Maxwell, of Houghton, county of Cumberland, Eng. to Miss ELLEN SANDERSON, eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Sanderson, of Kindal, county of Westmoreland, Eng.

On Thursday, the 4th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Abercrombie, Mr. RICHARD CALHOUN SEE, to Miss MARGARETTA, daughter of the late Eber Hilyard, all of this city.

On the 21st ult. at Morristown, N. J. by the Rev. Jacob P. Field, Mr. ABRAHAM VAN WINKLE, of Pompton, to Miss ANN MCCOUR GY, of Philadelphia.

DIED.

On Monday, Mrs. MARY HART, wife of Thos Hart, and daughter of John McCalla, aged 34.

On Saturday evening, at his farm, Mr. FRED. ENICK FRALEY, formerly of this city, aged 82.

On the 31st ult. Mrs. MARY BROWN, wife of John Brown, of the N. Liberties, aged 34.

On the 31st ult. after a severe illness, Mr. MORDECAI ROBERTS, aged 48.

On Sunday morning last, Mrs. CATHERINE WALLACE, aged 59.

On Saturday, the 50th ult. Miss MARY SIBBALD, aged 65.

On Tuesday night, Mr. JOHN A. DUTILL, merchant, of this city.

Suddenly, on the 2d inst. JAMES HARDEN, Clock and Dial Manufacturer, aged 41.

On Wednesday morning, Mrs. AMELIA M. SMALL, wife of Robert H. Small, aged 26.

On Wednesday morning, at the Widow's Asylum, Mrs. MARY WHITE, aged 59.

On Wednesday afternoon, Mrs. S. WISSNER, aged 40.

On Thursday morning, Mr. JOHN M. CARSON, aged 26.

On the 29th ult. at Bellefonte, Penn. SARAH EMLEN, relict of the late G. Emelen of this city.

On Monday last, Mrs. DORAH BOATE, widow of Dr. Horace Boate, late of Lymne, Ireland.

Yesterday, SARAH PARKER, late of this city, aged 58.

On Thursday afternoon, Mrs. SUSAN HUNTER, aged 51.

On the 31st ult. at May's landing, (N. J.) Mr. DANIEL E. ESTELL, grocer, of this city.

On the 10th ult. at Louisville, Ken. JOSEPH GILMAN, Esq. eldest son of Benjamin J. Gilman, Esq. of this city.

On the 4th inst. at Germantown, Mrs. SUSAN SANDERSON, aged 73, sister of the late Rev. Dr. Blair, of that place.

On the 3d July, at Port-au-Prince, Hayti, Mr. JOHN LYNCH, a native of this city.

August 2nd, Mary Jane, in the 6th year Sept. 2d, Elizabeth J. in the 4th

do. 6th, Emily, in the 2d of their ages. Children of John Vinton.

"So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasures only bloom to die."

Deaths during the past week.

	ADULTS.	CHILD.	TOTAL.
In Philadelphia, - - - - -	52	77	129
In Baltimore, - - - - -	15	46	59
In New-York, - - - - -	29	59	88
In Philadelphia, 59 persons died in the city, and 79 in the county; 7 were from the Alms-House, and 7 people of colour are included in the total amount—of which number, 60 were under five years of age.			
In Baltimore, of the 59 deaths reported, 42 were under five years of age—14 died of the measles.			
In New-York, there were 30 deaths under two years of age.			

SACKING BOTTOMS.

THE Subscriber has for sale a number of SACKING BOTTOMS, at No. 2 JONES'S ALLEY, the first alley above Market, making out of Front street. Where storekeepers, Cabinet makers, and others, may be supplied on reasonable terms for cash.

J. S.
Sept. 6-12

Public Sale.

No. 72 N. 2d St.

On Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 6 and 7, 1823, at 1 o'clock, on a

A valuable assortment of French Goods, in lots.

Also, a general assortment of Dutch Goods, in lots.

COMLY & TEVIS,

No. 72 N. 2d St.

BENJAMIN ROBINSON

SILVER Smith & Jeweller, No.

North Second Street, between his friends and the

he generally that he has added to his former stock a

some assortment of fine gold and silver, consisting of

quadrants, and a fine assortment of French Goods, in

to, and Medallions of the same with 4 to 16 rows, with

with fine Gold, rich mounted Tea and Coffee Trays, Silver

mounted Bread & Cake Baskets, Cast-iron, Pewter, Copper

fine Painted Steel Spectacles, Buttons, & other Goods, which

Rockers, &c. &c. &c. He also has for sale his own

manufactory, a handsome assortment of Silver Spoons and

Forks, Gold or Silver Spectacles, with various other Goods, which

Plain Green Glasses, in sets of 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100, 102, 104, 106, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324,

THE OLIO.

THE OLIO is a new and interesting publication, containing a variety of original and selected stories, poems, and illustrations. It is published weekly, and is a most desirable addition to the library of every family.

The letter R.
Four things, my friend, which you did not know first in X, then straight strokes three; The X and three strokes just make four, but placed together make more.
Cut off one half by a straight line, Then there is eight still left behind;
And what is strange, the very same, These four remain and are not less.

Justice's Quality.—A gentleman mistaking a very small lady—who was picking her way over a dirty channel—for a young emerald-green up in his arms and holding her safely on the other side, while she indignantly turned up a face expressive of the anger of fifty winters, and demanded why he dared to take such a liberty. "O! I humbly beg your pardon," said the gentleman, "I have only one object in making it, and he again caught her up and placed her where he first found her."

An Irishman, going into a shoe store, enquired, if the shoe maker would make him a pair of brogues. The shoemaker, also a dilettante, asked, "have you got your measure about you?" Patrick, hastily rising, up, replied, "oh, faith, I've left it home!" and went out of the door.

Stranger Signs.—By the road side between Philadelphia and Hartland, are a few houses called Fairy Cross. One of them is a public house known by the name of the Fairy, and nearly adjoining it a person who has placed over his door the following verse:

By the sign of the Swan
Lest a Scholman
Who forth the gentlemen pleasure
And every spring tide
Shrimps and Lobsters provide
And makes shoes when he is at leisure.

Snuff-Takers.—Look at this!—Lord Stanhope has made the following curious calculation, of the time wasted by professed snuff-takers.—Every professed, inveterate, and incurable snuff-taker, says his Lordship, at a moderate calculation, takes one pinch every ten minutes—every pinch, with the agreeable ceremony of blowing and wiping the nose and other incidental circumstances, consumes a minute and a half—this, admitting sixteen hours to a snuff-taking day, amounts to two hours and twenty-four minutes out of every natural day, or one day out of every ten days—this amounts to thirty-six days in every year. Hence if we suppose it to be persisted in for forty years, two entire years of a snuff-taker's life will be dedicated to tickling his nose and two more to blowing it. The expense of snuff-boxes and handkerchiefs is not insisted upon—they would make a separate essay by themselves, to which it might be made to appear that this luxury encroaches as much on the income of the snuff-taker, as it does on his time, and that by a proper application of the time and money thus spent, a fund might be created for paying off the national debt.

The Emperor Augustus.—The Emperor Augustus gave an admirable example how a person who sends a challenge ought to be treated. When Mark Antony, after the battle of Actium, sent him a challenge, his answer to the messenger who brought it, was, "Tell Mark Antony, if he be weary of life, there are other ways to dispatch it; I shall not therefore take the trouble to be his executioner."

"LITANY."

"Barren, when in dust to Thee
Low we bend the kneeling knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarcely we lift our weeping eyes—
O, by all thy pain and weep,
Succored once the man below,
Beseeching from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany!"

"By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy days of want and tears,
By Thy life of sore distress
In the savage wilderness;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the usual trumpet's power,
Turn, oh turn, a favouring eye,
Hear our solemn Litany!"

"By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the bleeding tears that flowed
O'er the agonized loved abode;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within thy fold,
From thy seat above the sky
Hear our solemn Litany!"

"By the hour of dire despair,
By the agony of prayer,
By the crown, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn,
By the ghastly wail that shrieked
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn Litany!"

"By Thy deep expiring groan,
By the sad sepulchral stone,
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God;
Oh! from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, far ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn Litany!"

REMOVAL.

The Subscriber has removed his WHOLESALE & RETAIL DRY GOODS STORE, from No. 37, Market Street, to No. 31, NORTH SECOND STREET, between Market and Arch.

W. M. HANSELL.
DRY GOODS, consisting of Cloth, Cassimere, Cashmere, Blankets, White and Colored Flannels, Super White Shirts, Flannel, Hosiery and Figured Broadcloths, Broadcloths, Cambric, Linen, and Cotton Goods, in great variety, and at the lowest prices.

A few respectable Boarders

can be comfortably accommodated during the summer season, at the Red Lion Inn, (late the Red Lion Inn), on the corner of Second and Arch streets. The situation is healthy and pleasant, and offers constant access of communication with the city.

SPRING CLOTHING.

Subscribers have been notified by the late arrivals from England and elsewhere, in dress and fashion, that the season is now open for the purchase of the latest styles in Spring Clothing. The assortment is extensive and the prices are low.

Navigation, Lunar Observations, AND THE USE OF THE SEXTANT AND SEXTANT.
The subscriber has just received a new and complete edition of the above works, which are now for sale at the lowest prices.

Horatio L. Melchor,
House Carpenter, No. 31, Strawberry-st., Philadelphia.
RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public generally, that he has taken the extensive and very convenient upper part of the Establishment formerly occupied by General Lee, (now by James Johnson), and has fitted up the same for the purpose of carrying on his business as a Carpenter, and for the purpose of carrying on his business as a Carpenter, and for the purpose of carrying on his business as a Carpenter.

Coach, Sign and Ornamental Painting, CABINET POLISHING, &c.
The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has taken the extensive and very convenient upper part of the Establishment formerly occupied by General Lee, (now by James Johnson), and has fitted up the same for the purpose of carrying on his business as a Carpenter, and for the purpose of carrying on his business as a Carpenter.

HAT STORE,
No. 131 NORTH THIRD STREET, Philadelphia.
P. C. WILLMARTH offers to the public, whose patronage he solicits, Water-Proof Imitation Beaver Hats, which are surpassed by none in cheapness and durability.

TOOTH BRUSH MANUFACTORY.
ANDREW MOORE, No. 119 North Third Street, above Race street, Philadelphia, offers for sale, Tooth Brushes, of a superior quality—Also, Fancy and Common Brushes, wholesale and retail, on the most reasonable terms. All orders thankfully received, and punctually attended to.

HOWELL'S INDIAN SYRUP,
A NEWLY DISCOVERED MEDICINE, prepared from a compound of Medicinal Herbs and Plants; being efficacious for the cure of Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Consumption of the Lungs, and long continued Coughs. Also, to strengthen the weak stomachs of those who have been long confined by sickness.

GEORGE ALLCHIN,
BOOK BINDER AND GILDER on the edges of Books, Letter and Filling Paper. Paper blacked on the edges for mourning, at No. 263 Vine street, third door above Fifth street, north side—Where he continues to manufacture Back-mon Tables and Chess Boards.

BAKER'S
Exchange and Intelligence Office, FRANKLIN COURT.
Market, between Third and Fourth Streets.

PROCURER Houses and parts, Boarders, Partners, Clerks, Housekeepers, Journeymen, Apprentices, Bound Children, Domestic, &c. Also, WET NURSES.

FOR SALE, a Black Girl, 11 years old and 17 to serve—do. 11 and 7—do. 10 and 8—do. 16 and 5—do. 10 and 4—do. 16 and 5—do. 17 and 14—do. 21 and 7.

TO BIND, a number of white and colored boys and girls of different ages.

PROPERTY to Sell or Let, entered gratis. Families provided with domestics, with good recommendations.

HARDWARE.
The subscriber has just received a fresh assortment of BIRMINGHAM and SHEFFIELD GOODS, per ships Decatur, Montezuma and Fanny from Liverpool, which with their former stock, now on hand, will be sold at very reduced prices for CASH or acceptance of notes, amongst which are the following:

Table and Dessert Knives and Forks.
Pocket, Pen and Barlow Knives.
Razors and Straight Razors.
Cut-throat Razors.
Steel Razors.
Steel Razors.
Steel Razors.

Table and Dessert Knives and Forks.
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Philadelphia Valley Forge, Frankville, Elizabethtown and Yellow Springs MAIL STAGE.

W. Key, North Fourth Street, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday morning at 6 o'clock precisely. Breakfast at Mr. Jonathan Miller's, sign of the Buck on the Lancaster Turnpike, and arrive at James Bone's Inn, Yellow Springs, at 1 o'clock same day. Returning, will leave Yellow Springs, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning, at 9 o'clock, dine at Mr. Miller's, and arrive at Philadelphia, at 3 o'clock, same day.

This line can be erected by none, as the stages are of the most approved construction, and are entirely new. The proprietors are determined to spare no pains to make this line comfortable, respectable and expeditious. And they therefore respectfully solicit and hope for a liberal patronage.

JOHN GRAY, Proprietors.
June 28—tf
WM. LEWIS, Proprietors.

JAMES BIRD,
Still continues the BOOT AND SHOE MAKING BUSINESS, No. 25, North Tenth Street, directly opposite the Chester and Delaware Breweries, and trusts by faithful work and strict attention, to merit a share of public patronage. And all gentlemen and ladies who will favour him with their custom shall be attended to with fidelity. Also keeps a supply of various kinds and qualities on hand, which he can dispose of upon reasonable terms.

TO PRINTERS.
FOR SALE, a quantity of Printing Materials as follows:

1 foot Brevier, nearly new, about 270 lbs.—1 do. Small Pica, 34—1 do. Pica, 210—1 do. English, 100—1 do. Great Primer, 100—1 do. Columbian, 18—2 imposing stones and stands—3 frames. Damage makes—1 foot Double Pica, 90 lb.—1 do. Common, 30—1 do. Five Line, 45—1 do. Seven Line, 45—1 do. Ten Line, 45—1 do. Standing Press, small size—1 pair royal Chases—1 do. medium do. With a quantity of paper boards, letter boards, drying poles, &c. &c. which will be sold low for cash. Apply at No. 21, North Second street.

ANNOUNCEMENT!!!
ON Tuesday, the 7th of October next, or earlier if the sale of tickets will warrant it, the 6th class, new series, Union Canal Lottery, will be determined without fail, and the prizes, (as usual) be immediately cashed.—The public will bear in remembrance that this Lottery is granted for the advancement and improvement of Internal Navigation, and it behooves every individual to come promptly forward, and by the purchase of a ticket, or share, aid in facilitating this grand and important undertaking, their venture may be the means of enriching them for life—the chances at least are considerably in their favour. Wealth will flow in abundance from the wheels of the lottery—as well as from the operation of the Canal.

Recollect also, that Tickets will shortly advance to \$8, and that now they can be had for \$7. The saving of a dollar though last is not least an object worthy of recollection now-a-days.

\$57,400,
Will be cut up in prizes as follows, for the bold and venturesome.

\$8,000, \$4,000
\$2,336, \$2,000, \$1,000, \$1,000,
Besides numerous others of \$500, 200, 100, 50, &c.

Tickets only \$7 00 | Quarters \$1 75
Halves \$3 50 | Eighths \$8 75

Package of whole tickets \$67 40
Halves, do. 33 70
Quarters, do. 16 85
Eighths, do. 8 42

Capital Prizes, as in former classes, for sale at FORTUNE'S HOME, P. CANFIELD'S OFFICE, Pennsylvania State Lottery Office, No. 127 Chestnut street, nearly opposite and between the Post Office, and the United States Bank.

UNION CANAL LOTTERY, SIXTH CLASS—NEW SERIES.

SCHEME.
1 of 8,000 is \$8,000
1 of 2,135 is 4,000
1 of 1,000 is 2,336
1 of 500 is 1,000
1 of 250 is 500
1 of 125 is 250
1 of 62 1/2 is 125
1 of 31 1/4 is 62 1/2
1 of 15 3/8 is 31 1/4
1 of 7 3/8 is 15 3/8
1 of 3 3/4 is 7 3/8
1 of 1 3/4 is 3 3/4
1 of 3/4 is 3/4
1 of 1/2 is 1/2
1 of 1/4 is 1/4
1 of 1/8 is 1/8
1 of 1/16 is 1/16
1 of 1/32 is 1/32
1 of 1/64 is 1/64
1 of 1/128 is 1/128
1 of 1/256 is 1/256
1 of 1/512 is 1/512
1 of 1/1024 is 1/1024
1 of 1/2048 is 1/2048
1 of 1/4096 is 1/4096
1 of 1/8192 is 1/8192
1 of 1/16384 is 1/16384
1 of 1/32768 is 1/32768
1 of 1/65536 is 1/65536
1 of 1/131072 is 1/131072
1 of 1/262144 is 1/262144
1 of 1/524288 is 1/524288
1 of 1/1048576 is 1/1048576
1 of 1/2097152 is 1/2097152
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